

# KELOWNA COURIER

AND OKANAGAN ORCHARDIST.

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PRESCRIPTION DRUGGISTS.

### LIBERAL MEETING.

A meeting in the interests of Dr. MacDonald, Liberal candidate for the Okanagan, was held in Raymer's Hall on the evening of Wednesday, Jan. 9. Mr. D. W. Sutherland presided, and with him on the platform were Messrs. T. W. Stirling and J. A. McKelvie, the latter representing Mr. Price Ellison, and Dr. MacDonald. There was a large attendance, but the chilliness of the hall quenched the enthusiasm of the audience, except for a few Conservatives, who made enough noise with their feet and hands for a battalion, in order, apparently, to give the Vernon News grounds to say in its issue of Jan. 10, "the opposition meeting last night at Kelowna was all that could be desired from a Conservative standpoint." If so, the Conservatives must be easily satisfied, when the childish noises made by a few of their own ilk can impress them as weightier than the orderly attention given to the speakers by the great majority of the audience.

Mr. Stirling delivered a short address, stating that the Conservatives had spread reports that he was disgruntled, but that he had been asked to allow his name to go before the nominating convention, and had declined on account of his health, which on account of a late serious illness, would not stand a campaign. He asked all friends who would have voted for him to vote for Dr. MacDonald. The Conservatives were trying to make trouble over the Liberal leadership. Last election, they had said that Joe Martin would be the leader, while it was well-known that J. A. MacDonald was the chosen leader. The same canard was being spread at the present election, using the name of W. W. B. McInnes, but there was no question as to the leader being J. A. MacDonald, of whom they were proud. The speaker had been taunted in 1903 with favouring the increase of taxes on farmers, because he stated that lands should be properly assessed, but he referred to the large ranches, which certainly were not assessed in fair proportion to smaller holdings. The government had raised the real estate and personal property taxes, and had cut down the expenditure on roads. The increased taxation for schools had cost the rural districts \$4.00 for every \$1 of increase in the large cities. When the Assessment Act was brought in, not one of the Conservative or Socialist members said a single word for the small property holder, and Mr. Hawthornthwaite said he didn't care who paid the taxes, so long as they were paid by the property-owners.

Mr. Stirling was loudly applauded at the conclusion of his address, which he had delivered under difficulties, being far from well.

Dr. MacDonald was greeted with applause on rising. He said politics to him coincided with patriotism. The story had been circulated about him by opponents that he was sent into the valley three years ago to be a candidate, but he was not a candidate of any clique or machine, but because he believed Liberal principles would give the best form of government to the

province. It was said he owned nothing in the Okanagan valley. He was not particularly wealthy, but he owned a small tract which would be bearing orchard some day. The Doctor then went into the issues of the campaign, treating on the Assessment Act, the School Act, C. & W. land grant, Kaien Island scandal, the Midway & Vernon railway, and other matters. He said the government claimed the prosperity of the province was due to them, but it was due to the money taken out of the pockets of the producers. They claimed credit for having induced railway construction, but the building of the V. V. & E., G. N. and Kettle Valley railways was certainly not due to any policy of theirs. They had produced no railway legislation except a proposal to give the C. P. R. \$1,600,000 in cash for building the Nicola branch, a plan in defeating which the Liberals were aided by the stubborn opposition to it of two Conservative members, Messrs. McGowan and Shatford.

The Midway & Vernon had been used as a bait at the last election, but little was heard of it now. If Price Ellison had had the courage of his convictions, that railway might now be an accomplished fact. The country was sorely in need of competitive railways, and he instanced the benefits directly derived by the Boundary district in the lowering of freight and passenger rates, through the advent of the Great Northern. He showed how the government had done everything to embarrass the M. & V. project, at the bidding of the C. P. R., who desired to see it killed. While they tried to hold up the M. & V. subsidy on a point of law, the government readily granted an extension of time to the Pacific & Omenica, a project promoted by one of their supporters in the House, Mr. Clifford.

The province was in bad financial shape when the McBride government took over the reins of power, but the fault lay at the door of previous governments, in whose cabinets 90 per cent of the ministers were Conservatives. To balance matters, the government passed an Assessment Act, which raised the real estate taxes 40 per cent, and personal property taxes 100 per cent, while they decreased the expenditure on roads by 40 per cent. The Conservatives claimed they had increased the taxes on C. P. R. lands. They had done so, but only to the extent of one-third of the increase on the small land-owners. The Okanagan valley paid \$80,000 taxes in 1905, and got back in expenditures \$7,500. The government had been promising relief from taxation, yet this year the efforts of the district assessor did not seem to be satisfying them, and they sent in another official to assist him, and the assessment was raised. When the Liberals came into power, the C. P. R. and all other corporations would be assessed on the same basis as small owners.

He referred to the Dewdney Relief Act. Dewdney, for which constituency the Premier was member, had issued debentures, which were not valid, but were bought by the Sun Life Insurance Co., for which the Hon.

(Continued on page eight.)





## TOQUES AND TURBANS FOR MORNING WEAR

**T**OQUES and turbans and well-fitting small hats that, with all their smallness, are a far cry from the tiny, tip-tilted things that took us so long to get used to, are all in high favor for morning wear. And certain adaptations of the sailor—chiefly when trimmed with the tartan plaids that have taken the world of fashion by storm—make mighty trifles to a smart walking-suit.

Mushroom shapes are in, but will probably only last a short while, although the drooping brim they introduced has found its way to many another radically different "creation."

Instead of the trimming at the back of the hat, forcing it up at an absurd angle, there is very little tilt permitted at all, the trimming, which still remains well-massed at the back under the brim, being brought down over the hair in a way as becoming to the average woman as that tilt was trying.

Plumes are as good as ever they were—and better even than that, if that be possible, but they are almost invariably the uncured kind.

Buckles share in the trimming honors of every sort of hat, from the smartest of little hats to the large hats—almost picture-types, which seem so much more dressy in that very difference of size from walking-hats. One stunning little hat was a simple black felt sailor, simply "made," by the way wide plaid ribbon was drawn through a great jet buckle, crushed round the crown, and tied in a great, swashing bow low on the hair.

The wonderful dahlia and wine shades, which have come back into favor in dress-stuffs, and a dozen new reds to boot, find their prettiest expression in hats, trimmed with plumes and roses—perhaps kept to a simple tone, or to a succession of shades that deepens from the coolest imaginable shade to rich, warm tones. They are not only worn to match a costume of like color, but as often in the strongest sort of contrast.

And fruits trim some of the prettiest hats, one bunch matching the felt, another the velvet, softening and harmonizing the contrast without ridding it of its definiteness.

## THE "SCOTCH CRAZE" HOLDS SWAY OVER PARIS FASHIONS

**P**ARIS. THIS is the season dear to the heart of the great Paris designer—days that find Paris transformed by travelers to an American city, and when good, wholesome American English comes as natural to the car in a promenade on the boulevards as it would on Broadway.

It is many years now since the tailor and hatter first began to share windows devoted to costumes for the French hunting season with styles appropriate for an autumn voyage; so many years, indeed, that the hunting costume is now frequently relegated to a very small corner. And mounting the steps to those "chic" couturiers of the Rue de la Paix, who would scorn the publicity of a shop window, one finds the salons crowded with Americans, for whom these winter models have been prepared so much in advance of their season.

Last news of all, the Scotch craze.

Hats, turbans for women and caps for boys and girls; raincoats of Scotch check; separate kilted skirts of Scotch plaid and, finally, the Highlander's entire costume—not for the littlest boy, as we have grown accustomed to seeing it in London, but for grown women—young women, let us hope, and always very slender ones, for the jaunty charm would easily become ridiculous with any but the freshest type of face and figure.

When properly worn, it is best described by that beloved Parisian word which in plain English is ravishing. Not only can this be asserted upon the proof of a pretty mannequin tripping across an Empire salon, but by a more substantial test, for the very legitimate chance of which a slim little brown-haired girl blessed Jupiter Pluvius with all her big American heart.

It was a cool, rainy night, and every eye in the Cafe de Paris was turned to regard a very delightful

fall costume, whose quiet tones and general outlines were anything but unusual: a round kilted green and blue plaid skirt, that fitted smoothly over the hips, with a flat, double box-pleat in the back; a black velvet Eton jacket and a narrow toque trimmed with two daring quills painted in Scotch colors that had lost all their hardness when seen through that misty atmosphere in which great Paris designers—like their artist Viellier—take such delight. The whole thing, indeed, was so artistic that the theatrical effect, so dangerously near, was not even suggested. Original it was, and, above all, distinguished—this twentieth century version of "Bonny Prince Charlie."

For the rank and file it is narrow stripes for street wear, sometimes in Scotch coloring, but oftener in more neutral grays or browns. Dressier street costumes again find an appropriate medium in broad-cloth.

But for afternoon and really elegant occasions there is the most fascinating idea of all: Brussels net gowns made over things of chiffon and taffeta! They are so combined with broadcloth, which gives them their proper suggestion of season, that such an idea as inappropriate never enters your head. These nets are dyed in all the new shades, including dark green and a wonderful dark shade of Russian blue—storm blue, from its gray tone that suggests tempestuous clouds.

In evening shades there is peach pink, which is temptingly reminding of peach ice cream, and a new coral that is wonderfully soft and rich. And, let us rejoice to say, white is to the fore again; everything touched with filmy lace in dull, suffused tones of gold. Short waists are a feature of many beautiful models, though the perfectly round waist line, pointing neither in back nor front, is newer, and, to most people's way of thinking, much lovelier.

E. D.

## People Who Don't Like Pets

**D**ID you ever notice the superior air with which the persons who don't like pets treat those of their acquaintance whose choicest friends are clothed in feathers and fur?

"A," has her good points, of course, they remark in a tone of pity or contempt, "but she is such a fool over animals," and they go on their superior way, never dreaming that they themselves are in need of pity because they have missed a pretty good thing in life, and are worthy of contempt because they are incapable of understanding the pure enjoyment there is to be got from the companionship of a well-brought-up animal.

I read an editorial in a big daily paper not long since which, I am quite positive, the editor wrote with an effervescent sense of his own superiority. He was banging away at the spinster who lavished endearments upon her cats and dogs, when there were plenty of babies in the world needing attention.

"Why doesn't Miss B. adopt a child, if she wants something to pet?" was his clinching argument. "She would be much more worthy of her own and other people's respect, and much happier." Now, it is just possible that Miss B. has arrived at the sensible conclusion that if nature had considered her a suitable person to bring up babies, she would have provided her with them in the natural way. It is quite probable that an income which is sufficient for daily pint of milk, or a bone and a dog biscuit, would not procure shoes and stockings, school bills and jam; and it is almost certain that a child brought up in spinster halls is going to turn out a wild Indian or an insufferable prig.

An intelligent dog is one of the most sympathetic creatures in the world; a fluffy ball of a kitten is a very comfortable sort of atom to have around. A trained nurse, who used to go off duty so tired that the very sight of another human being was almost enough to reduce her to hysterical tears, said that her rest hours were made pleasant by the companionship of a tiny goldfish.

All people are not built alike. Personally I prefer a baby to a puppy, a puppy to a kitten, and a kitten to a woman who gossips. There isn't a doubt that your preferences are along different lines, but there is no need to quarrel about it.

Keep your house free from dumb brutes if it pleases you, but don't look down on the people who get happiness from them. It is just possible that some day you may discover that in their hearts they look down on you, and not altogether without reason.

## Airing Linens.

**L**INENS should be given a thorough airing every now and then—most thoroughly of all, of course, just after they have come upstairs from the laundress.

Plenty of light and air, as well as soap and water, are necessary to keep them in spotless condition, for what occult reason only some one wise in the laws of physics can tell.

## Potatoes for Pen Cleaners

**A** RAW potato makes the best sort of a penholder, though one that much be changed every little while, for obvious reasons.

In some mysterious way, it cleans the most scratchy, soiled pen, and makes it as near like new as the wearing down of the nib allows—far more than you'd dream possible.

## CUNNING SAYINGS

### A Placer Claim.

"I wonder what makes the water look so yellow?" asked mamma the other day as she looked at a globe of gold fish.

"Why, I des the gold must be tomlin' off the fishes," replied little Mabel.

### With the Sun's Rays as a Brush.

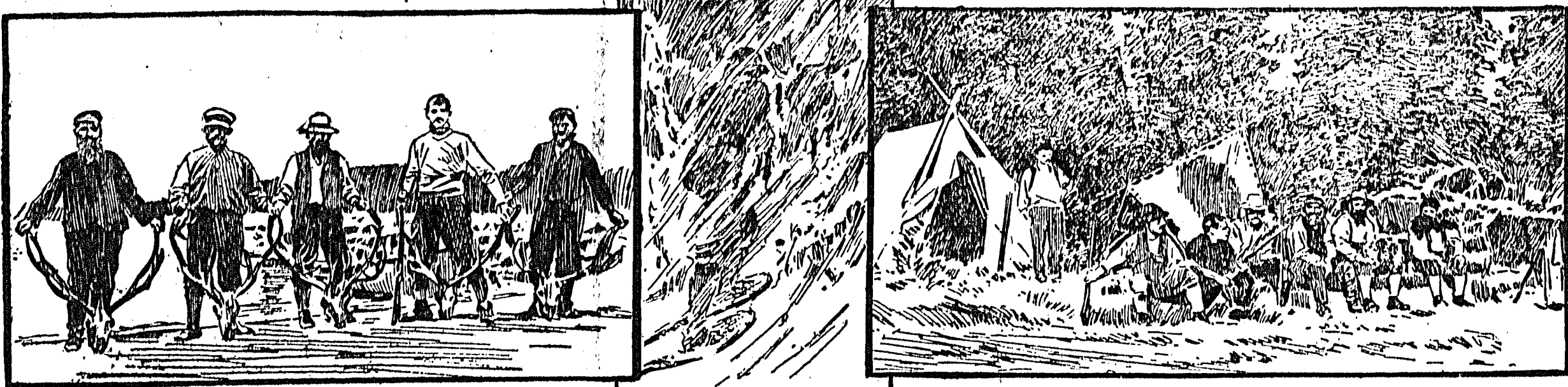
Little Mary, aged three, saw some green grapes. Having seen the vines a month later, she ran into the house saying:

"Mother, somebody has painted the grapes blue."





# NEWFOUNDLAND, THE LAND OF THE CARIBOU.



**F**AMOUS among modern Nimrod of Newfoundland. It furrows the caribou hunting territories for thousands of Indians of that island and Labrador and sport for hundreds of hardy hunters, who like nothing better than "roughing it" for a few weeks in those parts.

The Newfoundland caribou is lighter in color than his relative further east and north in Canada, and his antlers are shorter and more massive. So numerous are these animals on the island that they are frequently hunted on the barren open hills.

Two annual dangers harass the caribou. In the late summer and fall hunters from all parts of the United States—of the eastern section, at least—are after them with guide and rifle. During February and March the great yearly slaughter by fishermen takes place.

At that season the fishermen find their stock of winter provisions running low, while the ice king still

holds the waters in his relentless clasp. Food must be had, and so the people turn to the caribou herds for fresh supplies.

A great many more animals than are needed are killed at these periodical slaughters. The nearly starved beasts are poor at best, and frequently the hunter will kill one that is little more than skin and bones. These are left lying where they fall.

Then, too, the methods of killing are by no means sportsmanlike, and hundreds of caribou escape the hunters to die of their wounds in the forests. Firearms of the fishermen, as a rule, are ancient, being loaded with handfuls of buckshot, iron balls and slugs.

Not a clever marksman at best, the native gets as near a herd as possible, and lets fly one of these broadsides at the mass. When one animal is killed, several others may be badly wounded.

Withal, the caribou is more numerous in Newfoundland than in any ter-

ritory of equal size in the world, perhaps. They have over 30,000 square miles of moss-strown barrens for pasturage; wolves harry them but little; the Indians, formerly mighty hunters, are diminishing in numbers, and the climate is milder than in the same latitudes on the mainland.

Venturing into this land of game for the first time, the hunter will experience trouble in finding a good guide. Most of the natives are fishermen, knowing little and caring less for the art of hunting.

Their services may be had at a low figure, however—a dollar a day and supplies being the usual charge—and they are useful as packhorses. They will carry heavy loads day by day without objection and endure hardships without a murmur.

Before the novice starts for the Newfoundland wilds, he should pick up all the information he can regarding the habits of the game he is seeking.

He may have hunted the white-tail

déer or even the moose with success, but lessons learned upon those trips are not sufficient in the caribou country.

During the sultry weather of summer deer and moose may be seen in the daytime along almost any wild stretch of water in New Brunswick, Maine or the Temagami Lake country. They seek the water in order to cool themselves and secure protection from the flies.

For a similar reason, the caribou of Newfoundland take to the dense spruce thickets in hot weather, coming out at dusk to spend much of the night browsing over the moss rocks. The hunter who waits until after August will have a better chance of getting his coveted pair of fine antlers.

It is almost useless in hot weather to attempt to hunt the caribou during the day. Many a novice has learned this to his cost, after tramping under the blazing sun for miles,

day after day, without seeing a single stag.

So alert and wily are the animals that it is difficult to approach them at best. A caribou can scent a man at almost incredible distance, and once he catches the scent, he is promptly off for another locality. The hunter will have much better success if he patiently waits for the game to approach him.

As soon as the first rays of the dawning day fling their rosy fingers over the horizon, the hunter must be off to the likely places. At sunset he should take his stand where the signs are plentiful and await the coming of game. During the remaining hours he can lounge peacefully about camp or go fishing.

But even in camp the utmost precautions are necessary, if one does not wish to clear the vicinity of game. If a fire is lighted, it should be a very small one, for cooking only. The slightest alarm or the faintest scent of a man will serve to send the animals scurrying to distant hiding places.

## EARLY AUTUMN FOR THE HUNTERS.

Does and young animals come out freely upon the open barrens early in September, and a few weeks later the stags, with newly peeled and polished antlers, emerge from their summer fastnesses in the forests and head for the highlands.

This is the beginning of the great autumn gathering, and the hunter who is seeking real sport should be there at that time with his rifle.

When November brings its real touches of winter, the animals become poor and thin. About this time the older caribou lose their antlers, while those of 3 or 4 years do not shed until several weeks later.

Reaching the open country, the caribou become restless wanderers, never content to remain in one place, but traveling constantly from section to section. At this season the hunter may keep a blazing campfire going without fear.

During the summer thousands of caribou flock into the narrow peninsula that stretches upward from the northwest corner of Newfoundland like a thumb. With the first frosts of September they commence to move south; and from the middle of this month to November they stream along in a seemingly never-ending procession.

These herds must pass over the comparatively narrow neck of land between Cod Cove and Grand Lake. For that reason, therefore, the majority of hunters camp in the regions around the Humber, Sandy Pond and Birch Lake. They pick out the best specimens as they pass, so that during recent years many of the sturdy old bulls have fallen beneath their bullets.

During the entire year thousands of non-migratory animals remain in the southern and central interior sections of the island, and these have escaped much of the slaughter visited upon the herds further north.

## Lacked the One Essential.

One day my little brother told mamma that his foot hurt. She told him his foot was asleep. He thought about it a little while and then said: "How can my foot go to sleep, without any eyes?"

## CHARADE.

Owen Meredith proves we may live without books, without friends, without hope, without love's smallest particle; But the reader will say, when upon me he looks, That I'm a quite indispensable article; For whatever a man's wants may happen to be, In me he is fitted at once to a T.

Second.

It seems a Yankee notion, clear, Government must not interfere With liberty, and that its sphere Consent of governed folk determines; But Webster passes by consent In saying I am "government," And that "restraint" is my intent. He'd better tell that to the Germans.

Whole.

You may dig underground, you may climb into trees, You may probe into pie, you may cut into cheese; You may dive in the wave, you may float in the air; You may gaze at the stars, or the leg of a chair; You may pry into vaults, into graves, into tombs; Into Murray Hill parlors, or tenement rooms; But this fact 'twould be well in your derby to pin: Wherever you look, you will find me therein.

Answer: The-rein.

("A splendid example of hiding in plain sight—delightful to the reader and most difficult for the author."—M. C. S.)

## THE LIFE OF DESIREE

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE

One afternoon in May, Desiree Le Pre hurried along the esplanade, on an errand for Le Grande, otherwise known as Madame Le Pre.

Suddenly she passed in front of a small booth in which sat an old negro woman selling antinsantings and love plitters.

"Hi! Missy!" called the crone, seeing that Desiree eyed her with great wistfulness. "Yo' better stop an' twarl de coffee cup! My! but dar's a heap er good 't'ings fo' yo'!"

Thus encouraged, Desiree, a small fragile child sombre eyes and pale brown skin, glanced down at her faded dimity and bare legs resentfully, then reluctantly untied the corner of her handkerchief, and withdrew a small silver coin.

"Do you see a muslin dress with pink roses, and a pair of pink slippers with high heels?" she asked, holding the money securely, as one who would drive a fair bargain.

"Kiyi!" laughed the seer good humoredly, "an' a be-yoot-a-ful yaller bonnet."

"Huh! sneered the child, "I would not wear a yellow bonnet!"

Replacing the coin she added, regretfully, "and you need not read my fortune."

"Hi! I am such a foolishcome ol' 'oman! returned the fortune teller, following with her covetous eyes the vanishing money. "Ladies uv quality don't wear yaller! no, course not! Only po' white trash does."

Desiree glanced again at her naked feet, this time uneasily.

"Do you see the pink slippers still? and a white parasol with lace frills?" timidly.

"Aye," persuaded the mulatto, "an' dar y'p' is jest a ridin' in a fine kerriage fur all de world lak de one de fai's driv de princess to the ball in."

Hesitating no longer, the child uncovered the silver and handed it to the woman. Then for the quarter of an hour she stood, on the pavement in the hot sun, listening to a paragon of words and jugglery of ideas that bewildered her young mind.

The life of Desiree Le Pre had been one of pitiful loneliness, passed as it was behind the great bronze gate in the shadow and gloom of the quaint brick house, with no living companionship save Le Grande and the old negro slave who had always in the family.

There came a day when the old servant died, and after a time Le Grande became so poor that there was no money to hire help, and Desiree had to wash the dishes, run errands to the market and stand on corners along the esplanade and sell little bouquets of opoponax blooms to the people who passed.

It was during this period of her life that the lonely child was attracted to Maum Daphne, the fortune teller.

"An' now," concluded the crone, "do it t'ing is, dat you' gwine on a long journey wid yo' pa."

"That isn't true," said the child decidedly, "for I haven't any father nor mother. I have only Le Grande and the wee fairy folk that come to

me in the moonlight. If you see my father I won't believe anything else you have said."

"Yo' pa's dar, but yo' ma got a black veil ober her, an' she ain't show herself. So dar," retorted the woman spitefully.

When Desiree returned to the silent old home in the French quarter the swiftly falling twilight had shut it in more securely behind the great bronze gate. She had never dared remain out so late before, and it was with vague fears and uncertainties that she crept quietly up the circular steps and into the long, dark hall, where her naked feet pattered noisily on the tiled floor.

Suddenly her steps were arrested by the sound of voices that came through the library door. One, that of Le Grande, she recognized, but the other, a man's voice, musical and strong, she had never heard before.

"And, all these years," the man was saying, "I never knew that I had a child! My poor little Desiree!"

"Much trouble you took to find out, with your scampering away to foreign countries," Madame Le Pre replied in a thin, high pitch of indignation.

"As you see," she resumed, after a brief silence, "she is alive. Very much alive. Delphine came home shortly after you left and the child was born. After that—"

"I know." The man's voice was impatient.

"You do not know," said the woman, "but why go over that horrible story? It is enough that you are here for the child. If I had not been so poor, and old and feeble, you should not have known. It was wronging the child not to send for you."

At this point Desiree Le Pre pushed open the door and entered the room and saw a strange gentleman seated opposite her grandmother.

The newcomer, as he sat with tense expression, and eager bearing, seemed to Desiree to embody all the beauty and fragrance of the world of which she had often dreamed.

Desiree instantly clasped her hands in an attitude of adoration and murmured something about the saints.

"For shame," shrilled Madame Le Pre angrily. "God will surely punish you for your irreverence. Speak to your father. His name is John Alston. He has come to carry you away and make a fine lady of you."

"It is true, Desiree. I am your father. Will you come?"

John Alston held out his arms appealingly and with a timid response the lonely, unloved child crept into the shelter that opened to her.

Desiree and her father were to go away—across the wonderful ocean, where after that, she—well, after that the trio were to dream away their bliss in beautiful places, with the sunlight forever about them, for John Alston was a scientist who had not only made fame, but a fortune that would give him and his child a life of luxury and joy.

When the hour for retiring came,

Desiree suddenly remembered Maum Daphne, and putting her lips to her father's ear, she whispered:

"Will you give me a muslin dress with pink roses, and a pair of high heel slippers to match?"

The following week was the time set apart for the departure of John Alston and his newly found daughter, for the man was eager to be alone in the companionship of his child.

"It is the work of the devil," said Mme. Le Pre the day of the departure, seeing the child running about distractedly trying on first one garment then another that the indulgent parent had lavished upon her.

"Grande, were you never a little girl?" asked Desiree naively, wondering at the old woman's contempt.

"Yes; but I was strong. You are like your mother, vain and stupid," answered she bitterly.

"My mother!" There was infinite sweetness in the voice of the child as she spoke. "Where is my mother, Grande?" she asked, suddenly confronting her grandmother with hungry, widening eyes.

"Hush. You must not bother me with questions. You have no mother."

There was a quality in the squeaking voice that touched the child, and she went closer to her companion, and, throwing her arms around her, pleaded:

"Tell me about her, grande. Was she a little girl like me? Did she love pretty clothes, and did you love her?"

"You are very like your mother, child. So much so that it makes me shiver to see you, owing these bright baubles as you do. They were the undoing of your mother."

"Grande," Desiree spoke briskly, "I am not going to leave you with us or leave me here. I will not go without you."

Nor could the child be persuaded against this decision, and when the ship weighed anchor that afternoon a withered old woman with a softened face and moist eyes could be seen leaning against the rail of the boat looking contentedly toward a little girl clinging rapturously to the hand of her father.

In the Autumn of 1905 yellow fever was epidemic in New Orleans.

Toward the close of a sultry day in September an open public conveyance drove up to the great bronze gate of a quaint old brick house set well within a dense myrtle shade and stopped.

The sole occupant, John Alston, alighted, and paying the cabman, walked hurriedly through the narrow archway and up the long circular steps that led into the gloomy house.

The years since last the man had entered there had been filled with paternal joys. With Desiree and Madame Le Pre he had traveled the world over. With each succeeding year he had discovered new beauties in his child, and never had she a wish that was not fulfilled by him. Also with each year had his influence in the world of science widened and when the plague broke out in the

panic-stricken city and he realized the danger of his child who had of recent years made her home with her grandmother in New Orleans, he hastened there, with a wonderful theory for exterminating the disease and the hope of saving Desiree from the plague.

Of her mother Desiree knew nothing. Dr. Alston would not permit her name to be mentioned, and only once had Mme. Le Pre carried Desiree into her little prayer room and unveiled a beautiful portrait which hung on the wall.

"It is your mother," she whispered, sadly. "Her name was Delphine."

"Of what did she die?" questioned the child.

"If only I was certain that she was dead!" said Mme. Le Pre under her breath, and then she led Desiree out of the room.

It was a beautiful face upon which she had feasted her hungry eyes.

The plague had overtaken the city before Desiree and Le Grande were ready to leave.

An ominous silence brooded over the place as he entered the door, and seeing no one astir he called softly to his daughter.

"Entrez," called a voice softly, a voice that sent a thrill through the man.

"Delphine! You!" he exclaimed sternly, confronting the occupant.

"Yes. Even me."

"Why did you return?"

"My mother is dead."

"And our child?"

"Your child, John Alston, is well and awaits your coming," said Delphine, drawing herself up scornfully. "Does she know?" asked Alston, bitterly.

"She does not. I passed myself off as an old friend to whom Madame Le Pre had been very kind. No one in the city knows that the quiet Red Cross nurse is 'Fenfollet,' the danseuse! The outcast! The scarlet woman! Nor shall Desiree, your child, ever know."

"Delphine, before we part again, I would ask you a question. Why did you leave me in the first year of our marriage? Where did you go?"

"You have the right to know, now that you ask. I left you because I loved you. I could not bear to divide you with your science, and in my capricious and ignorant youth I ran away and went upon the stage. When the child was born I was with my mother, but as soon as possible I ran away again, lest you should return and find me. I went to the depth of degradation and was soon lost in the maelstrom of sin and poverty. Then there came a time when my fortune improved. I became the celebrated Fenfollet of Paris. Longing for the sight of a home, with a heart breaking of its own wilfulness, I came back just in time to see my mother die."

"She knew me, and blessed me at the end. Desiree has no intimation of the relation I bear to her. She shall never know that the past of her mother runs crimson with stain."

"But she does know, and she loves you, mother," said Desiree suddenly entering through the screen and laying her face against the Red Cross nurse.

"Will you remain?" asked Alston.

"Say yes, dear mother," urged Desiree.

"As my wife," said John Alston.

"And my mother," added Desiree. "I will remain," she said softly.



## CHURCHES.

### ANGLICAN.

St. Michael and All Angels' Church.  
Rev. THOS. GREENE, B. A., RECTOR.  
Holy Communion, first and third Sundays in the month at 8 a.m.; second and fourth Sundays, after Morning Prayer.  
Litany on the first and third Sundays.  
Morning Prayer at 11 o'clock; Evening Prayer at 7.30.

### PRESBYTERIAN.

Knox Presbyterian Church, Kelowna.  
Morning service at 11 a.m.; evening service at 7.30 p.m. Sunday School at 2.30 p.m.  
Weekly Prayer Meeting on Wednesdays, at 8 p.m.  
Bennovlin Presbyterian Church.  
Afternoon service at 3 p.m. Sunday School at 2 p.m.  
EV. A. W. K. HERDMAN, PASTOR.

### METHODIST.

Kelowna Methodist Church.  
Sabbath services at 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. Epworth League at 8.30 p.m. All welcome. Seats Free.  
EV. A. HENDERSON, PASTOR.

### BAPTIST

Kelowna Baptist Church, aymer's Hall.  
Sabbath Services at 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. Sabbath School at 12.15 p.m. All welcome.  
ev. H. P. THORPE, Pastor.

### LODGES.



### A. F. & A. M.

St George's Lodge, NO. 41.

Regular meetings on Fridays, on or before the full moon, at 8 p.m. in Raymer's Hall. Sojourning brethren cordially invited.  
J. F. FURNE, P. B. WILLITS, W. M. Sec.

### PROFESSIONAL.

### J. F. BURNE

Solicitor,  
Notary Public,  
Conveyancer, etc.

KELOWNA, - - - B. C.

CHARLES HARVEY, B. A. Sc., C. E.,  
D. L. S., B. C. L. S.

Civil Engineer & Land Surveyor,  
Kelowna, B. C.

### S. T. LONG, C.E.

AGENT FOR

Pacific Coast Pipe Company's  
Wooden Stave Pipe.

KELOWNA, - - - B. C.

DR. J. W. N. SHEPHERD  
DENTIST.

OFFICE IN THE K. S. U. BUILDING.  
KELOWNA, B. C.

### H. W. Raymer

Building Contractor and dealer in  
Doors, Sash, Mouldings, etc.  
Plans Specifications and Estimates  
prepared for all classes of work.

Kelowna, B. C.

### Mission Valley Livery Feed, & Sale Stable.

Good Horses and Rigs always ready  
for the roads. Commercial men accom-  
modated on short notice. Freighting  
and Draying a specialty.

C. Blackwood, Prop.

JAMES CLARKE GORDON BAIN

### Clarke & Bain

Building Contractors  
Estimates furnished on all kinds of  
work. Jobbing promptly attended to.  
KELOWNA, - - - B. C.

### John Curts,

CONTRACTOR & BUILDER.  
Plans and Specifications Prepared  
and estimates given for public Build-  
ings, Town and Country Residences.

JOHN CURTS KELOWNA

### H. Lysons

KELOWNA, B. C.

### LAUNCHES AND BOATS

Batteries and Engine repairs  
kept in stock.  
Gasoline Engines put in re-  
pair. Rowing boats for hire.

## THE KELOWNA COURIER

AND

Okanagan Orchardist.

Owned and Edited by  
GEO. C. ROSE, M. A.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance.

News of social events and communications in  
regard to matters of public interest will be  
gladly received for publication, if authenti-  
cated by the writer's name and address,  
which will not be printed if so desired. No  
matter of a scandalous, libelous or personal  
nature will be accepted.

To ensure acceptance, all manuscript should be  
legibly written on one side of the paper only.  
Type-written copy is preferred.

The COURIER does not necessarily endorse the  
sentiments of any contributed article.

### Advertising Rates

Transient Advertisements—Not exceeding one inch,  
one insertion, 50c; for each additional insertion,  
25c.

Lodge Notices, Professional Cards, and Similar Matter—  
\$1.00 per inch, per month.

Land and Timber Notices—30 days, \$5; 60 days, \$7.

Legal and Municipal Advertising—First insertion, 10c  
per line; each subsequent insertion, 5c per  
line.

Reading Notices amongst Locals—15c per line.

Contract Advertisements—Rates arranged accord-  
ing to space taken.

Contract advertisers will please notice that all  
changes of advertisements must be handed  
to the printer by Monday evening to ensure  
publication in the current issue.

THURSDAY, JAN. 17, 1907.

### Municipal Politics.

Nominations were received at  
the Fire Hall on Monday, be-  
tween the hours of noon and 2  
p.m., by Mr. R. Morrison, re-  
turning officer. It was evidently  
recognised by the electorate that  
the gentlemen stated in the  
Courier last week as prospective  
candidates were the best avail-  
able, and no further nominations  
were handed in, thus saving the  
expense of a contest. The fol-  
lowing are the names of the  
chosen nominees, with their pro-  
poser and seconder.

### MAYOR.

D. W. SUTHERLAND; by T. W.  
Stirling and G. C. Rose.

ALDERMEN, North Ward.  
F. M. BUCKLAND, by D. W.  
Crowley and E. R. Bailey.

Dr. W. H. GADDES; by D. W.  
Sutherland and R. F. Morrison.

ALDERMEN, South Ward.  
T. W. STIRLING; by E. M. Car-  
ruthers and D. W. Crowley.

J. S. REEKIE; by D. Leckie and  
J. L. Doyle.

F. R. E. DEHART; by J. P.  
Clement and P. B. Willits.

### SCHOOL TRUSTEE.

T. LAWSON; by D. W. Suther-  
land and Jas. Harvey.

The retiring Council has had a  
strenuous year of work, with  
such important matters to handle  
as fire protection and the fota-  
tion of debentures for improv-  
ing the streets, and generally  
speaking they have done their  
work well, even if the means  
taken to ensure fire protection is  
a debateable one. Ex-Mayor  
Raymer has been diligent in at-  
tending meetings of Council, and  
has given much time to carrying  
out the executive duties of the  
mayoralty, and the retiring alder-  
men have also generally sacrificed  
their private convenience to the  
public service, so that however  
mistaken some of their actions  
may be judged to have been,  
there is no question but that they  
endeavoured to do their duty.  
That the incoming Council will  
do equally well, perhaps a whit  
better, is the earnest belief of  
their supporters.

### Cartridge & Stubbs,

Carpenters, Painters and  
Decorators.

Estimates submitted and plans  
prepared, on request. All  
kinds of jobbing work done.  
WORK SHOP: In Pooley Block,  
next barber shop.

Kelowna, - - - B. C.

Subscribe for the

Courier, \$1 a year.

## Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN  
that application will be made to the  
Legislative Assembly of the Province  
of British Columbia at its next session  
for a Private Bill to incorporate a com-  
pany for the purpose of constructing,  
equipping, operating and maintaining  
a telephone system throughout the  
County of Yale with all necessary  
powers including the collection of tolls.  
Dated at Vancouver, December 19th,  
1906.

EDGAR BLOOMFIELD.

Solicitor for the Applicants.

21-6t

## Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that 60 days after  
date I intend to apply to the Hon. the  
Chief Commissioner of Lands & Works for  
permission to purchase 480 acres of land in the  
Osoyoos Division of Yale District and described  
as follows:— Commencing at a post marked  
L. W. Bick's south west corner, which said post  
is situated on the west side of a small lake sit-  
uated on a tributary of the north fork of Mission  
Creek and about eleven miles from the junction of  
the north fork with Mission Creek: Thence run-  
ning east sixty chains, thence north eighty chains,  
thence west sixty chains, thence south eighty  
chains more or less to the point of commencement.  
Dated at Kelowna, B. C., the 11th day of Dec-  
ember, A. D. 1906.

21-60d

L. W. BICK.

## Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that sixty days after  
date I intend to apply to the Hon. the  
Chief Commissioner of Lands & Works for  
permission to purchase 480 acres of land in the  
Osoyoos Division of Yale District and described  
as follows:— Commencing at a post marked  
E. M. Carruthers' south west corner, which said  
post is situated on the west side of a small lake on  
a tributary of the north fork of Mission Creek  
and about 12 miles from the junction of the north  
fork with Mission Creek, thence running east  
sixty chains, thence north eighty chains, thence  
west sixty chains, thence south eighty chains  
more or less to the point of commencement.  
Dated at Kelowna, B. C., this 11th day of Dec-  
ember, A. D. 1906.

21-60d

EDWARD M. CARRUTHERS

## Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that 60 days after  
date I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief  
Commissioner of Lands and Works for per-  
mission to purchase the following described land,  
situated in Osoyoos Division of Yale, about six  
miles west of Summerland, B. C.: Commencing  
at a post marked R. Fox, north-west corner post,  
situated in the southerly side of lot 2888 at the  
north-east corner of the Patterson purchase,  
thence east about 15 chains to the west side of  
lot 2887, thence south about 20 chains to the south  
west corner of lot 2887, thence east about 20 chains  
to the Indian Reserve, thence south about 40  
chains to lot 3317, thence west 20 chains, thence  
south 20 chains, thence west 60 chains, thence  
north 20 chains to lot 1150, thence east about 20  
chains to the south-west corner of lot 1150, thence  
north 20 chains, thence east 20 chains, thence  
north 40 chains more or less to the place of begin-  
ning, containing 320 acres more or less.

R. FOX,

J. D. Anderson, Agent.

Dated Dec, 20th, 1906.

### WOOD FOR SALE.

Fir wood and posts for sale, in any quant-  
ity and of any length.

Apply, W. McLaughlin, Kelowna.

12-1f

### FOR SALE

One pure bred imported Shorthorn bull. A few  
heifers. Also four Shropshire Rams (two imported)  
and a few ewe lambs.

9-1f

### DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership hereto-  
fore subsisting between us, the undersigned, as  
implement dealers in the city of Kelowna, Pro-  
vince of British Columbia, has this day dissolved  
by mutual consent. All debts owing to the said  
partnership are to be paid to S. T. Elliott at  
Kelowna, and all claims against the said part-  
nership are to be presented to the said S. T. Elliott,  
by whom the same will be settled.  
Dated at Kelowna this Thirty-First day of  
December A. D. 1906.

WITNESS: J. S. Reekie.

R. Morrison.  
S. T. Elliott.

23-4t

### NOTICE

Persons found shooting on the property of the  
Kelowna Land & Orchard Co. will be prosecuted  
with the utmost rigour of the law.

5-1f

### LOST!

A bunch of keys. A reward will be paid for  
return to

Courier Office, Kelowna.

17-1f

### FOR SALE

An 18 ft. gasoline launch, new three horse-power  
engine. Price, with fittings complete, \$350 for  
quick sale. Apply,

P. O. Box 114,  
Kelowna.

1f

### WANTED

A second-hand stock saddle, medium weight.  
Must be in good repair. Apply,

C. Heber-Percy,  
Kelowna.

20-1f

### FOR SALE

Apples at  
50 cents and 75 cents per box. Cider, Turnips,  
Mangels and Potatoes. Orders taken for ice and  
filled in rotation.

\*Phone 8, or apply at Bankhead Ranch,  
Kelowna.

20-1f

### Kelowna Brick works

### LARGE STOCK OF

### A. 1. BRICKS

Are on the market. Builders  
and contractors who have already  
used the brick pronounce the ma-  
terial first class. We are in a  
position to supply orders from all  
points. Estimates for buildings  
cheerfully given. Samples of the  
brick may be seen at the stores in  
town.

HARVEY & COMPANY.

## We Have too Many HEATING STOVES

In Box, Airtight and Cottage Styles.

Spark guards and Andirons for  
fire places

—AT—

D. Leckie's Hardware Store.

## H. C. Stillingfleet

Real Estate Agent

Kelowna, B. C.

## Bank of Montreal

Established 1817

Capital, all paid up, \$14,400,000. Rest, \$11,000,000.

Head Office, Montreal

Hon.-Pres., Right Hon. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal G. C. M. G.  
President, Hon. Sir Geo. A. Drummond, K. C. M. G.  
Vice-President and General Manager, E. S. Clouston, Esq.,

A general banking business transacted.  
Drafts sold available at all points in the United  
States, Europe and Canada, including Atlin and  
Dawson City.

Bank Money Orders for sale, payable all over Can-  
ada (Yukon excepted), at lowest commission rates.

### Savings Bank Department

Deposits Received from \$1 upwards. Interest allowed at Current Rates.

### Okanagan District.

G. A. HENDERSON, Manager, Vernon.

ARMSTRONG,

E. S. V. McClintock, Sub-Agent.

ENDERBY,

A. E. Taylor, Sub-Agent.

KELOWNA, P. DuMoulin, Sub-Agent.

## Complete Stock

Of school books, ex-  
ercise books, scrib-  
blers, pencil boxes,  
slates, writing tab-  
lets, envelopes, blank  
books, pencils etc, at

J. P. Clement's  
BOOKSTORE.

## J. S. REEKIE,

Real Estate, Money to  
Loan, Fire Insurance,  
Life Insurance, Acci-  
dent and Sickness In-  
surance, Plate Glass  
Insurance, Notary  
Public.

## THE LAKEVIEW HOTEL

Has been thoroughly renovated  
throughout. First Class Accom-  
modation for the travelling public.  
High class liquors and cigars.  
A home for all Commercial men.

James Bowes, Prop



## Kelowna Land & Orchard Co. Limited.

### RESIDENTIAL LOTS. LAKE FRONTAGE LOTS.

We are now ready to sell lots on our new subdivision on Abbott St. South, within 500 yds. of the C. P. R. wharf.

One 10-acre block on Pendozi St. south. A fine residential site.

Also some beautiful lots in Parkdale. Fine garden soil. Call early and make your selection without delay.

One residential lot in Parkdale, on the new sidewalk. \$400.

Apply, K. L. & O. Co.'s Office.

# We can save you \$200

On the price of a Piano, as we are now direct importers and not agents. Write or see us for particulars.

## Kelowna Furniture Co.

## The Kelowna Leather House.

# 20 per cent. off Horse Blankets

J. M. LANG & CO., Next to Post-Office.

## The New Hardware Store

Our Stock is now complete, consisting of a full line of Shelf and Heavy Hardware, Tinware, Enameled Ware, Myers & Goulds Pumps, Lubricating and Paint Oils of all kinds.

A full line of Stephen's Ready Mixed Paints, made from pure Western oil. McClary's famous Kootenay Ranges, Cook Stoves and Heaters. Guns, Rifles, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle and Sporting Goods of all kinds.

Tinsmithing and Plumbing in connection.

**MORRISON & CO., - - KELOWNA**

Owing to some reports having been circulated, we wish to mention that this store is not a branch nor has it any connection with any other business here or elsewhere.

### Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase 320 acres of land in the Osoyoos Division of Yale District and described as follows:— Commencing at a certain initial post marked T. W. Stirling's south west corner, which said post is situated near a small lake on a tributary of the north fork of Mission Creek and about ten miles from the junction of the north fork of Mission Creek with Mission Creek, thence running east forty chains, thence north eighty chains, thence west forty chains, thence south eighty chains more or less to the point of commencement.

Dated at Kelowna, B. C., this 11th day of December A. D. 1906.

T. W. STIRLING

### WANTED

## Plain & Fancy Sewing

Children's Sewing a Speciality.  
Infants' Outfits, Embroidery, Stamp-  
ing, etc.  
Room 1, over Morrison's Hardware.

**GEO. E. RITCHIE,**

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

KELOWNA, B. C.

Jobbing promptly attended to.

### LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. F. Small, who met with an accident to his knee about a month ago, is able to be round again with the help of a cane.

The "Aberdeen" made a special trip on Sunday to take coal to the "York," which was "bucking" ice at the south end of the lake.

Have you tried Heinz's sweet mixed and gherkin pickles in bulk? Others have and pronounced them good.—At Josselyn's Grocery.

Messrs. J. F. Burne, E. W. Wilkinson, F. R. E. DeHart and D. W. Sutherland went to Vernon on Thursday to attend the inaugural meeting of a Royal Arch Chapter of Masons there, returning on Friday.

A large number of visitors from the prairies arrived on Friday's boat, some stopping off here and most of the remainder proceeding to Peachland and Summerland.

Among the passengers leaving by the "Aberdeen" on Saturday, were Miss Tait, Mr. S. Dickson, who has severed his connection with the Lakeview Hotel, and Mr. Chester Newson, who has secured a position with the Great McEwen Co., and will join them at Golden.

Mr. W. D. Harvey, of Sintaluta, Sask., has bought Mr. F. R. E. DeHart's house and lots on Bernard Ave., and will take up his residence here about the middle of March. Mr. Harvey has also bought two 50-foot lots on Glenn Ave., near the school, from the Okanagan Fruit & Land Co.

Now is the time to buy before a rise. Whole, crushed or chopped oats, barley or corn. Bran, shorts and wheat always on hand Josselyn's Feed Store.

While stretching wire on Monday, Mr. H. H. Millie fell from the top of the pole in front of the Bank of Montreal. The accident was caused by the parting of his belt. Fortunately he sustained no severe injuries, although much shaken by the shock, and will soon be able to attend to work again.

Clarke & Bain opened their skating rink on Thursday last, and it has been well patronised since, some evenings the attendance numbering over a hundred. The ice is kept in fine condition, and Clarke & Bain deserve credit for their enterprise in supplying the opportunity for healthful exercise and amusement. It is proposed to hold an Ice Carnival at an early date, at which the band will probably be in attendance, and skaters will turn out in fancy dress.

### Kelowna Board of Trade.

The annual meeting of the Board of Trade was held in Raymer's Hall on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 9. It was necessary to change the hour of meeting, owing to a political meeting being advertised for the evening, and, as the afternoon hour is very inconvenient for business men, only fifteen members were in attendance. President Sutherland presided.

The secretary read a number of letters several being enquiries induced by the write-up in the Manitoba Free Press. On motion, the secretary was instructed to turn over all enquiries in regard to land to the real estate agents for reply.

The financial report showed membership fees collected for 1906 of \$62.50, and bills outstanding \$40.90, leaving a balance of \$21.60. The share of the Board in the costs of the advertising scheme has yet to be provided

## COLLINS & HEWETSON (Late John Collins.)

KELOWNA, B. C.

Real Estate, Insurance, and General Commission Agents. Licensed Auctioneers. Rents Collected.  
Town Lots, Business Properties, Farm Lands.

### FOR SALE

One of the choicest lots in Parkdale, on the new side walk, \$375. only till Saturday, 19th inst.

Office, K.S.U. Block

## Kelowna Cafe & Candy Store.

We are making a specialty of home made candies, maple cream, butter scotch toffee, peanut noyau, French nougat, peppermint creams, coker nut ice candy, bulls eyes, home made bread, afternoon tea.

H. E. Hitchcock.

### ASTRAY NOTICE.

Came to my premises on 1st December, 1906, a red heifer calf, no brand, about four months old. If not claimed in 30 days, will be sold for expenses.  
J. A. Matthews.

Kelowna, B. C., Jan. 3, 1907.

22-4t



### Synopsis of Canadian Homestead Regulations.

ANY available Dominion Lands within the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated. The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.  
(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased), of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.  
(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.  
Coal lands may be purchased at \$10 per acre for soft coal and \$20 for anthracite. Not more than 320 acres can be acquired by one individual or company. Royalty at the rate of ten cents per ton of 2,000 pounds shall be collected on the gross output.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

### KELOWNA

## Livery & Feed

.....Stables.....

We are still doing business in the old stand: in the same old way.

GOOD HORSES  
GOOD RIGS  
CAREFUL DRIVERS

**COLLETT BROS.**

PHONE NO. 20.

## Have you faith in your district?

It is to be presumed you have, or you would not continue to live in it. If you believe the valley will advance and with it, of course, Kelowna, show the practical nature of your faith and

### BUY SOME SHARES IN THE

**"Ideal Fruitlands Comp'y of Kelowna, Limited."**

Call and get information from the Secretary (pro tem), J. F. Burne; or write to L. W. Bick, Calgary, Alta.



# SILK BLOUSE EMBROIDERY

**A** LONG with the mandate issued by Paris that whole costumes are to supplant, to a marked degree, the elaborate tailor suit and its accompanying lingerie blouse of several seasons past, comes the pretty fashion of matching the plainer tailor suit with a blouse of silk.

The prettiest of these are embroidered in self-tones, simpler designs being used than characterize the usual blouse. A few have other colors introduced, but those best liked are all in a single tone, or, at the most, in two tones, the second a deeper one of the first, or black, or, if on a very dark blouse, of a lighter shade. On the rich, beautiful browns, for instance, which have come out in such profusion this fall, two-toned embroidery is most effective, while in gray—also very good—that in a single tone, is better.

The pattern shown was designed especially for applying to silk. Almost any weight silk may be used for it, crepe de chine and louisine probably the most satisfactory of all.

With crepe de chine or with china silk, or those other silks that wash and wash, it is well to baste them upon paper, or upon fairly coarse canvas and to work straight through.

Very little padding is done in such work, except that upon crepe de chine, and then it is done with mercerized cotton of the same color. The usual embroidery is flat, on the order of Chinese and Japanese work.

## STAMP IN WHITE UPON COLOR

Stamping is probably the hardest part, simply because the silk is apt to slip and give so that the pattern stitches crooked. The best way is to pin the silk down to a sewing-table or other flat, hard surface, using plenty of pins so that it can't slip. Then lay impression paper over it and the pattern on that, using more pins to keep the paper layers smooth. Go over the design with a hard pencil.

If the blouse is to be light in color, use the ordinary black impression paper, but for the darker shades, get white or light yellow, which often proves more satisfactory than white.

On a thin silk, such as china silk (though such are hardly improved by embroidery), it is sometimes possible to trace the design off almost as easily as with handkerchief linen. For it use one of the white or light-colored crayons that children love so to draw with.

With the design shown, the blouse may open either in front or back. A pretty way to make it up is to tuck yoke and front piece, letting the embroidery bound the tucks.

The figures at the sides may be omitted, and only the long rounded strips used, with their little vine. And the parallel lines may be simply outlined or used as guides for the embroidering of a solid bar.

## Flowers and Fruits in Decoration

**M**ARQUSETTE in any shape is probably the choicest material for dressy gowns the season offers. But for pure beauty and artistic loveliness the flower and fruit bordered marqusette has no rival.

These flower and fruit decorations are much in evidence just now, or will be a bit later when the opera is on once more and society has renewed its mad whirl.

It is to be seen in ornaments for the hair; in deft touches on winter hats, where berries and grapes, roses and hydrangeas bid fair to rival the seemingly more seasonable breast and wing, which knew such a wonderful popularity last winter; in gay little banded vests for tailor suits; in the hand embroidery for gowns and waists and in fancy work.

We may have borrowed the combination from the arts and craftsmen who have used it recently with such good effect in china or hammered brass or woodwork; even the newest papers show traces of the prevailing craze. However it came, it is welcome for its real loveliness.

The flower and fruit bordered marqusettes possibly show the best results of this new decoration. The silky transparency of the texture enhances the delicacy of the broad bands of soft colors with which it is printed.

These bands are from eight to ten inches wide, so arranged that they border the skirt several inches above the bottom. They are printed in the softest, loveliest pastel shades, in a shadowy effect of flowers and fruit, simulating their natural tones, yet blended into perfect harmony.

## SHADOWY BLENDING OF TINTS

Though the borders are wide and the designs dashing, there is nothing loud or garish in these new marqusettes. In fact, so perfect is the coloring, they have a quiet elegance that should commend them to women of refined taste in dress—women who eschew the bizarre in their clothes as distinctly bad form.

One of these marqusettes in black had a border of the loveliest touches of green, pink, lavender, blue and yellow in a design of grapes and huge shadowy flowers. It sounds rather gay, does it not? But, really, with its soft, harmonious, shadowy blending of colors, it was one of the most satisfying materials seen this season.

The white with a border of similar beauty of design and coloring was equally lovely, but lacked the novelty of the black. Nor could it be compared with it for general utility when made up, as the latter could be worn on many minor occasions when the white color-bedecked gown would be quite "over-dressed."

Many of the marqusettes seen this summer—they were not by any means generally worn; in fact, only known to the most exclusive and best dressed women—were made up over white, some of them simply worn over a white lawn or silk slip for coolness.

While this fashion will prevail to a certain degree in the months ahead, self-colored taffeta linings will be much more generally used; perhaps a contrasting shade of the prevailing tone of the border will be employed to give that indescribable, shimmery look that is so lovely under semi-transparent materials.

These gayly bordered marqusettes have but one drawback. The depth of their band makes them rather unsuitable for the short, stout woman, who, poor soul! will bewail herself more than ever that the most artistic designers never by any possibility give a thought to any but the statuesque, Juno-like type of woman.



# COLONEL JOSLYN, U.S.A.

BY C. B. LEWIS.

IT WAS an exclusive party of wife were at the head of it. The eight. Sir George Minturn and others were Mrs. Woeburn, widow of the civil engineer; the Hon. James Blackman, wife, and daughter; D'Artgen, a French marquis, and Brittan of the German Embassy in London. They were all ultra-fashionables in their way, and their little party had not been made up entirely by accident. Sir Georges and the Honorable James had planned a voyage to the Mediterranean, and had invited Mrs. Woeburn as a guest. The marquis, who had met Miss Blackman a few times in London society, decided that he was in love with her, and determined to take the trip on his own account, to further his interests. Brittan did not know whether he was in love with the widow or not. As he had secured leave of absence for four months, it seemed to him that he might as well make a voyage as remain ashore.

But when the steamer reached Gibraltar the "ring" suddenly found the sand being cut from under its feet by the undertow. The "undertow" came aboard at that point. He was a tall, solid man, with a merry eye and an open face, and his manner was friendly. It was safe to say that he was not the scion of aristocrats, and that he had neither a college diploma nor a knowledge of the rules of social etiquette. He had scarcely stowed away his things in a stateroom when he made a bold-faced attempt to break down the "ring." Sir George was pacing the deck with his cigar when the new arrival walked up to him and said:

"I'll keep you company if you don't mind, Captain. I've been waiting here for a week and I'm dog-tired of old Gib. Plenty of guns and redcoats and all that, but do you know I couldn't find a cocktail in the whole place? Positive fact, sir. Never even heard of one. Think of a town without a cocktail!"

Sir George halted. Then he slowly raised his monocle and adjusted it. He stared at the stranger for a long half minute before he exclaimed:

"Sir, are you addressing me?" "By George, but you're a cool old boy!" mused the other in tones of admiration. "Standing on etiquette, eh? Well, maybe I was too previous. My name's Joslyn—Colonel Joslyn of Dakota, U. S. A. I've got a sworn affidavit in my trunk from our County Sheriff that I've never been arrested for murder. You've got a name, I suppose?"

"Sir!" gasped the Englishman, as he continued to stare.

"And I'm making a little pleasure trip all by my lonesome," continued the Colonel. "Always said I would if I ever got money enough. How are you on poker? I haven't played a game in three months and am beginning to feel homesick."

Sir George's hand went up to his glass. The glass was removed from his eye. Hand and glass fell together. Then he faced about and walked off as erect as a West Pointer. Colonel Joslyn had been snubbed. There were five or six people looking on and enjoying the affair, and they expected to hear some outburst on the Colonel's part. There was none, however. He merely rubbed his hands together and smiled and said to himself:

"The old cock is either a jolly or else he's standing on his dig. Because we don't rent pews in the same church. I'll see him later."

Only half an hour had passed when Colonel Joslyn ran across the marquis. The Frenchman had just finished a promenade with Miss Blackman, and had received what he felt sure was encouragement.

"Going to stop at Malt?" asked the Colonel in his easygoing way, as he extended a cigar in his fingers.

The marquis smiled faintly and shrugged his shoulders. He had seen Sir George snub the American, and he felt it a duty to follow his example.

"Don't understand, eh? Well, it don't matter much. I was just going to ask if there was anything worth seeing. If you could talk English I'd also ask you who that girl is you were walking about with. I'll be hanged if she isn't the perfect picture of the Widow Taylor's daughter Hetty. I've been a little sweet on Hetty for a year or two past, and when I first saw you with that girl my heart jumped into my mouth."

The marquis bit his lip and smiled and shook his head and walked off, but if he thought he had snubbed Colonel Joslyn he was mistaken. As he could not speak English, and as the Colonel could not speak French, how could there have been a snub?

It was two or three days before another attempt was made to break up the "ring." Then the Colonel met Brittan in the smoking room. The situation was plainer now, and there was a fatherly twang in the Colonel's tone as he said:

"Look here, mister, I want to say a word or two for your own good. It's seldom I mix up in anybody's rows, but I hate to see a man fighting without a fair show."

"Who you vhas?" asked the attaché with considerable dignity, but not half as much as he might have assumed had not the Widow Woeburn refused him an hour before.

"Name's Joslyn, of the U. S. A. and I'm doing a little trotting about

alone. I see you belong to that little 'ring,' but you are simply throwing your time away."

The attaché could not make out the Colonel's meaning until the case had been gone over again and again. Then he was furious. It was bad enough for a stranger to approach him in that blunt fashion, but for the same man to mix up in his love affair and give him fatherly advice was beyond endurance. He wanted to swear and pound on the table

death and hoped it had seen the last of Colonel Joslyn. He had been talked over on several occasions, and though it was agreed that he was harmless, he could not be forgiven for his familiarity. When an American who has risen from the dust of cattle trails attempts to cross the gulf separating him from British aristocracy his audacity must be repressed. The "ring" had planned to go up the Nile by steamer. Berths were secured and the steamer was



"HELLO! A HOLD-UP, EH!" EXCLAIMED THE COLONEL AS HE CAME TO A HALT.

and tell the Colonel what he thought of him, but his good breeding restrained him. He simply sat bolt upright and glared. The Colonel tried to go on, but even he was non-plused. By and by the attaché got up and walked away. As he moved off his looks and bearing indicated that he had never heard of Colonel Joslyn of Dakota, or of the United States of America. They were as nothing to him.

"Was that a snub or wasn't it?" questioned the man from Dakota as he relighted his cigar stub. "No, it couldn't be. As he can't talk English, and I can't talk German, there is no snubbing about it. He has just taken my words to heart and gone off to ponder over them."

A day or so passed and then Colonel Joslyn started in again to break up the "ring." The Widow Woeburn chanced to be on deck alone. She happened to drop her handkerchief, and the Colonel happened to catch it before it blew overboard. As he returned it he lifted his hat and said:

"Come mighty near losing my hat in the same puff. Going as far as Alexandria?"

The widow looked at him in astonishment, and he hastened to introduce himself and add:

"You must be lonesome in such a queer crowd. I've tackled three of the men, and I'll be hanged if I can tumble to 'em. I should think they'd want to have a good time."

Having thus delivered himself, he coolly sat down beside the lady and asked her if she had ever been in the United States, and if so what she thought of the people. Before she could reply—or administer a snub—the rest of the "ring" arrived in a body. They were astounded at the situation. Some smiled and some glared, but it was the Honorable James Blackman who retreated a few paces and beckoned for the Colonel to approach. The two had not met before.

"Sir," began the honorable as the Dakota man drew near, "is there any particular reason why you desire to make the acquaintance of any one of our party?"

"Well, no desperate reason," replied the Colonel. "I thought some of you might be glad of a poker game, or would like to swap yarns to pass away the time, and I believe I'd enjoy a talk with the widow over there, but I ain't desperate about it."

"Then, sir, will you be kind enough to leave us to ourselves?" continued the honorable.

"You mean I'm to fight shy of your crowd?"

"I mean, sir—I mean that when we desire your company we'll give you due notice! Is that plain?"

"Colonel, that's as plain as the horns on a steer. I take it that you mean to snub me?"

"You are a man of perception, sir!"

That closed the interview. Colonel Joslyn had tried to break up the "ring" and had failed. He went off and sat down by himself for a while, and felt somewhat hurt and humiliated, but this feeling did not last long. They were a churlish lot, while he, on the contrary, was a good fellow. They could not help being churlish any more than he could help being good-natured, and he soon decided to forgive them.

By and by the monarch reached Alexandria. The "ring" drew a long

ringing her bell for "all aboard" when Colonel Joslyn walked up the gangplank. He had also decided to go up the Nile.

"For Gawd's sake!" gasped Sir George as he recognized the man.

"Parbleu! but ze Americain!" grobled the marquis.

"Donner und blitzen! but he vhas here!" muttered the attaché as he tugged at his mustache and gave it a fiercer appearance.

"Hello, you folk!" shouted the Colonel as he reached the deck. "I heard that the Nile beat the Missouri River all holler as a stream, and I'm going up to settle the matter. How've you all been since I saw you last?"

Eight people stared into space. Eight heads were held stiffly. If there was a man named Colonel Joslyn of Dakota, U. S. A., it was naught to them. He might be living—he might never have lived. It was a cold, cold snub, but it did not worry the Colonel for five minutes. He had never snubbed man or woman in his life. He had even been careful not to humiliate his dog or his brancos.

However, other people were different, and if snubbing was their way he would not quarrel about it. It was a small steamer, with but few passengers, and for the next four days the Colonel was snubbed almost hourly. Whenever a landing was made the exclusives walked about by themselves, and the Colonel never tried to force himself in. On the steamer he was a leveler of caste; on land he had a limit. Nothing of much consequence happened until they had been afloat several days. Then a breaking down happened to the machinery, and the boat was tied to the bank at a mud-walled village.

There was but little to see near at hand, but a mile away was a pile of old ruins. The "ring" started out first, and Colonel Joslyn was the only one who followed. The remainder of the passengers did not think it would pay to tramp over the sands under the hot sun. The man from Dakota did not think much of the ruins after he reached them. He gathered a few souvenirs, and was about to return to the steamer when he heard a cry for help. The people of the "ring" were half a mile away when he last saw them. The cry was in a woman's voice, and the Colonel lost no time in answering it. He suddenly made his appearance behind a great mass of debris, to find the party of eight lined up in good order. An ugly-looking native with a pistol was holding the victims steady while his "pal" was passing the hat for contributions. In this case they were expected to give liberally if not cheerfully. Money, watches and rings were being dropped into the hat as it passed.

"Hello! A hold-up, eh!" exclaimed the Colonel as he came to a halt. "Well, that's next to poker, and I'll take a hand!"

The man with the pistol fired and missed. The next moment he pitched forward unconscious. The other fellow attempted to run away, but the Colonel was on his back in three jumps. He was twisted around, a blow was dealt under his ear, and he too became unconscious.

"Bravo! Bravo!" cried the four men in chorus; and "Oh, you dear man!" exclaimed the four women together; but Colonel Joslyn held up his hand in warning and said:

"Pocket that plunder and make for the steamer. It looks to me as if there was a plot here."

They were not yet clear of the ruins when half a dozen desperate-looking natives were giving chase. None of the four men was armed, but just before reaching the village they came upon a pile of stakes. Each seized one, and the dozen men who swarmed out of the hovels to bar their way did not dare to come to close quarters. The rear was well guarded. There were twenty men slowly crowding up on the American as he reached the bank, and though most of them had muskets or pistols, they feared to open the battle. As the party reached the steamer the natives drew off. The captain, mate, engineer, fireman and all the crew were Egyptians.

"They are robbers—river pirates—"

The crew sulked in their quarters and the captain trembled in the cabin. Colonel Joslyn again came to the rescue. With a hammer he knocked the shackle pin out of the chain and let the anchor go, and then going to the pilot house he took the wheel. Bullets fairly rained about him, driving all others to cover, but he was not hit.

While the flatboat was still fifty feet away the steamer began to move. The robbers had planned to grasp her anchor-chain and swing alongside, and as she headed away from them they rent the air with their fierce screams, and concentrated their fire on the man in the pilot house. Colonel Joslyn hid from view, but it was only for a moment. As soon as the flatboat had drifted past he not only got up, but he called to Sir George, the Honorable, the Marquis and all others who could come. In fifty words he told them his plan. Two minutes later the steamer was describing a circle. When she had half-completed it, she was headed for the robbers' craft. They fired and shouted and used their oars but she came driving along and struck the flatboat on her port quarter and tore her stern away. As she struck there was a fusillade from the cabin windows. Looking back in the steamer's wake, the passengers could not discover even a single swimmer. It was a complete annihilation. When he realized this the captain regained his courage, the mate stopped sulking and the engineer begged to be sent about his duties. If there had been a conspiracy it was no longer to be feared.

After Colonel Joslyn had turned over the command, and things were running smoothly, the "ring" sent for him. The circle opened to let him in as he arrived. He was perspiring, and he was grimy. He was careless and hatless, and his hair was in a tangle. Sir George clared his throat and looked half ashamed as he began:

"Colonel Joslyn, it may have occurred to you that—that that family party, as it were, has not made any great effort to—to—"

"Sir!" interrupted the colonel, as he drew himself up, "are you addressing me?"

"Now, then, my dear fellow, you know—you see—this party desires—"

"When I desire your company I will give you due notice!" continued the colonel, and looking over the heads of the entire party, he marched off to his stateroom to remove the stains of battle.

"For Gawd's sake!" whispered Sir George, as he looked after him, and then his companions looked at each other in blank astonishment and swallowed hard at the bitter pill.

## Roughened Skin

For some time past I have been troubled with pimples, which after they went away would leave large holes in my skin. I tried the lotion for enlarged pores recommended by you, but it did not seem to do any good. You will also oblige me by telling me what to do for rough, red skin. Do you think the orange-flower cream would tend to soften it?

Did you tamper with the pimples in any way? The holes you describe may be small scars, caused by the pimples having been improperly opened. If that were the case I would suggest a remedy for them, but cannot unless I am sure that that is the trouble. The orange-flower cream is an excellent skin food; but before beginning its use try this lotion:

**Lotion for Inflamed Skin.**  
Boric acid, 1 dram; distilled witch-hazel, 2 ounces; rosewater, 2 ounces. Use as a wash two or three times a day.

## Muddy Skin

Would you kindly give me advice as to how to have a better complexion? My skin is very yellow and muddy-looking, and my neck is very brown, with the sun, I guess. I also have a good many pimples. There isn't a bit of color in my face.

I would be very much obliged to you if you could help me. J. H. Very evidently your bad complexion is due to some internal disturbance, probably a disordered liver. Consult a physician, and when these troubles are remedied your skin without doubt will be in much better shape. There is little use for me to prescribe external remedies until this is accomplished.

## Face Paste

I would thank you very much if you would give me a formula for paste—something to use on the face instead of a powder or liquid whitener. Kindly tell me how to make it pink the flesh color and remove this kind of blemish without white lead? M. K.

I think the following is what you want. As you see, there is no white lead in it. All the ingredients are harmless. Carmine is the coloring matter.

**Sultana Cream Make-Up.**  
Sweet almond oil, 4 ounces; white wax, melted, 320 grains; spermaceti, 320 grains; benzoin (finely powdered), 100 grains; tincture of ambergris, 60 grains; rice powder, 320 grains; pure carmine, 15 grains.

Blend the fats in the inside receptacle of a custard boiler; add benzoin while they are heating, the rice powder and perfume, while cooling, and tincture last of all. Spread it on the face and throat, gently and carefully, rubbing it into the skin, and avoid its getting into the eyebrows or close to the eyes. Powder with any flesh-colored powder or velourine, applying freely with a puff and after a little while wipe off with a bit of camels. This makes an effectually as a plaster of plaster and paints all slight imperfections of the skin without having the repulsive artificial look which they give. By artificial light it is imperceptible.

## Stop Using the Flesh Brush

Can you tell me how I could get my face in good condition? My cheeks, chin and forehead are covered with what looks like white lumps, or a kind of a blackhead without the head. Some faster, while others seem to multiply. Is there not a salve that could be used to make them all come to the surface? Then don't you think if they were removed and a lotion used to dry them up they could be got rid of? Do you approve of the electric skin treatment? Have I tried until I am starved. Use the flesh brush and take all kinds of long walks. It is most embarrassing to have my complexion this way. If you give me any advice I will follow it all. M. L. Try this simple treatment for the skin trouble:

## Whiteheads (Acne Molluscum).

Open each seed acne with the point of a fine canonic needle. The harder the pus must be pressed or picked out. The empty sac of the gland should then be bathed with a little toilet vinegar and water, or with a very weak solution of carbolic acid and water. Sterilize the needle before using it by dipping into boiling water. The electric needle is good for some purposes, but not this. Discontinue using the flesh brush, for with your skin in such a condition it only aggravates matters.



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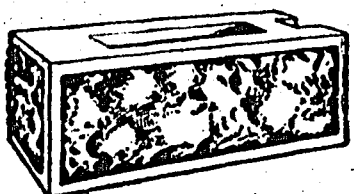
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ALTA VISTA RANCHE,  
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PLEASE NOTE—This cheap fruit is all  
unpacked, and boxes are not supplied.  
5-11

### LIBERAL MEETING.

(Continued from page 1)

Chas. Wilson, attorney-general,  
was solicitor. To clear the peo-  
ple of Dewdney of liability, Mc-  
Bride secured for them a free  
gift of \$10,000 from the pro-  
vincial treasury, and lent them  
\$15,000 more at 3 per cent., part  
of a million dollar loan raised at  
five per cent. This was a  
sample of Conservative finance.

On the question of better  
terms, he blamed the Premier  
for leaving the conference at  
Ottawa, when so many matters  
needed negotiation. He might  
have asked for the return of the  
3,500,000 acres given by the  
province to the Dominion to en-  
sure construction of the E. & N.  
railway; and he might have ask-  
ed for a settlement of the Indian  
reserve question, but he did  
nothing and had accomplished  
nothing for the province.

Dr. MacDonald wound up a  
powerful arraignment of the  
government by an eloquent  
appeal for support, and was  
heartily applauded.

The chairman next called up-  
on Mr. McKelvie, representing  
Mr. Ellison. The speaker be-  
gan his remarks by compliment-  
ing Dr. MacDonald upon his  
clean and gentlemanly way of  
conducting a campaign. He  
stated the government was en-  
tering the campaign with 100 per  
cent better chances of victory  
than they possessed in 1903, and  
that many Liberals of independ-  
ent views were giving the govern-  
ment their support, especially  
on the issue of better terms.  
He would claim a majority of  
eight in the next house for his  
party. He defended the Assess-  
ment Act, and said the govern-  
ment was forced to take meas-  
ures to redeem the credit of the  
province, which they had found  
at a low ebb on accession to  
power. Through wise legisla-  
tion, everything was now prosper-  
ous, and a surplus was the  
result.

Replying to the taunt of being  
a Conservative-Socialist-C. P. R.  
government, Mr. McKelvie said  
that at no time were the McBride  
government in need of the assist-  
ance of the Socialists, always  
having a clear majority over all  
other parties.

He did not claim the School  
Act was perfect, but he thought  
the principle it embodied of  
decentralisation of control and  
local government was a Liberal  
principle, and that their criticism  
was therefore inconsistent.

He had faith in the ultimate  
construction of the Midway &  
Vernon. As to the government's  
action in regard to the subsidy,  
it was consistent, as Mr. Mc-  
Bride had announced that no  
more cash or land subsidies  
would be granted. Had the sub-  
sidy been granted without legal  
enquiry as to its status, in every  
other riding but Okanagan the  
Liberals would be claiming the  
government had given away \$750,-  
000 while there was legal doubt  
as to the M. & V. having fulfilled  
its contract.

He stated Price Ellison knew  
the Assessment Act would hit  
him hard, as one of the largest  
landowners in the district, but  
he had supported it as a neces-  
sary measure. It had had the  
effect of sub-dividing large hold-  
ings. For the increase of assess-  
ment neither the assessor nor  
the government could be blamed;  
it was due to the increase of land  
values in the Okanagan.

Much had been made of the  
C. & W. land grant, but the gov-  
ernment was bound to carry out  
the bargain made by a prior gov-  
ernment, and, in any case, the  
land was of little intrinsic value.  
He claimed the Kaien Island  
deal was a splendid one for the

Province, and that the Liberals  
had failed to attach any dishonour  
to the transaction. The G.T.P.  
had made exorbitant demands,  
which the government had stout-  
ly resisted, and in selling them  
terminal facilities at \$1.00 per  
acre, the province retained a  
quarter interest in the townsite  
of Prince Rupert.

McBride was not in alliance  
with the C. P. R., but had raised  
their taxation from \$18 to \$90  
per mile.

Touching on other matters, he  
declared that McBride's attitude  
on better terms had wrested  
from the Dominion government  
an acknowledgment that there  
were special conditions in B. C.  
requiring consideration, which  
would form a basis for future  
negotiations.

Mr. McKelvie concluded a  
fluent speech by asking the in-  
dependent voters to support Mr.  
Ellison, as a man who had all his  
interests in the district, and  
was applauded by the handful of  
Conservatives present.

The chairman then called up-  
on Mr. G. C. Rose, who said that  
the Liberals on accession to  
power in the Dominion elections  
of 1896 had found the Dominion  
finances in an unhealthy con-  
dition, just as the Conservatives  
had in this province in 1903, but  
instead of meeting deficits in the  
various departments by increas-  
ed taxation, as the McBride  
government had done, the Lib-  
erals had pursued a statesman-  
like policy of developing the  
natural resources of the country  
and encouraging immigration  
and settlement, which soon en-  
abled them to balance the heavy  
deficit in the postal revenue and  
show a surplus, yet reducing the  
rates of postage. This forward  
policy was followed by the in-  
troduction of a preferential  
tariff, by which British goods  
were enabled to enter Canada at  
a substantial reduction, thus  
lightening the burden of taxa-  
tion. The Liberals had now  
gone a step further, and the  
present tariff was, he claimed,  
a masterpiece of statesmanship.  
The Liberals had tried in every  
way to reduce the amount of  
taxation, and he appealed to the  
electorate to give them a chance  
to do the same in the province,  
where for years the provincial  
cabinets had been chiefly Con-  
servative in complexion.

As an instance of failure by  
the McBride government to  
develop the natural riches of  
the province, he cited the case of  
the South-East Kootenay coal  
and oil fields, which were lying  
undeveloped today, because of  
the failure of the government to  
issue valid prospecting licences,  
which would protect the invest-  
ment of capital. Were that  
country to be developed, an enor-  
mous revenue would result to  
the province from the royalties  
of five cents per ton on coal and  
one cent per barrel on petroleum,  
which would enable the rate of  
taxation on real estate to be  
reduced.

Dr. MacDonald then replied to  
Mr. McKelvie, traversing his ar-  
guments, and quoting the opinion  
of Senator Macdonald, a leading  
Conservative, antagonistic to the  
Premier's position at the inter-  
provincial conference on better  
terms. He concluded his re-  
marks with a eulogy of Mr.  
Stirling and a strong appeal for  
support, and he also advised the  
Conservatives to work hard, as  
they would need to.

The meeting was thoroughly  
satisfactory from a Liberal stand-  
point, and the Doctor will have  
a handsome majority in Kelowna,  
and will also probably reverse  
the position at Benvoulin in 1903.

## The PEOPLE'S STORE

Watch this Space  
for Next Week's Ad.

**Thomas Lawson.**

### WEATHER REPORT.

(Compiled by F. E. R. Wollaston,  
Observer.)

Dec.	Maximum Temp.	Minimum Temp.
1.....	35.0.....	29.5
2.....	34.8.....	30.2
3.....	35.8.....	32.8
4.....	37.7.....	34.0
5.....	39.0.....	26.8
6.....	39.9.....	28.0
7.....	33.0.....	22.9
8.....	44.5.....	23.0
9.....	33.4.....	23.0
10.....	34.2.....	21.1
11.....	40.0.....	25.1
12.....	44.9.....	28.6
13.....	39.0.....	26.0
14.....	34.8.....	27.1
15.....	32.0.....	25.2
16.....	31.4.....	25.0
17.....	34.0.....	29.0
18.....	37.0.....	31.0
19.....	38.4.....	22.2
20.....	35.0.....	25.0
21.....	40.0.....	28.0
22.....	40.0.....	28.5
23.....	36.0.....	24.0
24.....	40.0.....	22.0
25.....	35.0.....	27.0
26.....	35.5.....	19.0
27.....	31.5.....	18.0
28.....	33.2.....	22.2
29.....	34.8.....	28.6
30.....	37.0.....	20.2
31.....	32.5.....	12.0

### SNOWFALL.

Dec.	Inches.
7.....	4.00
8.....	.30
9.....	.80
11.....	.50
14.....	1.60
16.....	2.90
17.....	2.20
22.....	2.14
30.....	.30
31.....	.50

Total 15.24

The municipal meeting called  
for Monday night turned out a  
fiasco. The public evidently  
lost interest in it, as there was  
to be no contested election, and,  
as after half an hour's wait the  
aggregate attendance numbered  
only fifteen, including those who  
were to address the meeting, it  
was abandoned.

The Penticton Press states  
that there has been no zero wea-  
ther at Penticton this winter, but  
water must freeze at a higher  
temperature there than any other  
place in the world, as there is ice

## S. T. Elliott

Successor to

ELLIOTT & MORRISON.

Importer and  
dealer in all kinds of

**Agricultural Implements  
Wagons and Carriages.  
Also Blacksmithing and  
: Carriage Repairing. :**

Special attention given to  
Horse Shoeing, there is  
nothing we cannot do in  
our line. We appreciate  
your patronage in the past  
and hope to continue it.



**S. T. ELLIOTT**

The Up-To-Date  
Blacksmith of

**KELOWNA, - - B. C.**

### NOTICE.

The Annual General Meeting of the  
Kelowna Club will be held in the Club  
House, on Sat., Jan. 26th, at 2.30 p.m.,  
for the election of officers and trans-  
action of general business.

John F. Burne,  
Secretary.

### LOST!

A large roan cow and a red heifer calf, both  
branded with large horseshoe on left ribs, and  
earmarked, with notch out of top of both ears.  
Finder will receive reward on return to

John Morrison,  
Dry Valley,  
Kelowna P. O.

24-11-11

### FOR SALE.

A Fairbanks Improved 2½ horse power

**Gasoline Engine**

In perfect running order. Used only nine months.  
Cash price for quick sale, with exhaust pipe,  
gasoline tank and feed pipe, \$140. List price of  
outfit was over \$200.00

Apply Courier Office.

on the lake for a distance of near-  
ly six miles north of that point,  
through which the "Aberdeen"  
had to force her way on Monday  
until stopped about 200 yards  
from the wharf; yet there is no  
ice here. The Press's invidious  
reference to weather conditions  
in other parts of the valley than  
Penticton shows a petty,  
parochial spirit, seeking to estab-  
lish the superiority of Penticton  
to other places in the Okanagan,  
a foolish move when, to the out-  
side world, the Okanagan valley  
is treated as a whole in regard to  
climatic conditions; and it will  
not tend to promote that feeling  
of unity that so many preach but  
few practice.